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The Sea.

WITH ardor born of Celtic sires,
I love the ever-surging sea:
Its tint of blue, its rock-girt shore,
Its crested wave, have charms for me.

I love to hear the sea birds cry,
The thundering waves a-shoreward hurled;
I linger here and seem to catch
Faint echoes of a spirit world.

There throbbing in majestic might,
The waters speak of power divine,
And sportive little waves delight
To tell me of a power benign.

Time, the Best Critic.

BY J. VINCENT MCCARTHY.

TIME is but the measure of mutation. That literary values change is a fact of common observation. Authors, who at one time are rated highly, later pass out of notice; and, conversely, those who during life are neglected, are often crowned by posterity. It is my object to show that such changes affected by time are in the direction of ultimate truth. In other words, that time may be considered the best critic in literature.

Literature has been defined as "the expression of life in words of truth and beauty; a written record of man's spirit, of his thoughts, emotions, aspirations; a history and the only history of the human soul." Literature to-day is no longer a pastime. It is a serious and majestic profession; and, like all professions, its ranks are crowded with incompetent, inefficient and unworthy aspirants. These trifle with literature unexcused; their hope is vain, their aim popularity, and their end oblivion.

Success in literature is not accidental. Its

principles are fundamental, true for all peoples and for all times. Good books are rare, not for lack of talent—cleverness, wit and imagination—but because the very essentials of a literary work are absent. To be literary a work must have three essential qualities: First, it must be artistic, mirroring the world's truth and beauty—the artistic recording of life. Secondly, it must be suggestive. It must awaken and please us, for its aim is pleasure, not instruction. Thirdly, it must have permanence. To-day with our modern methods of printing, a veritable deluge of books, periodicals and magazines, is poured forth under the name of literature. Time is a great river fed by the ceaseless coming and going of generations, and as these floods of literature are cast into this stream, it slowly purifies itself of them in two ways,—the mud settles to the bottom and the scum rises to the top; while that which has been purged, descends purified through the ages.

Besides these essentials, time especially demands two other qualities—universality and style. It must appeal to all human interests and to the simplest human emotions. It deals with the very essence of humanity, the elementary passions and emotions—love, hate, joy and sorrow. "Every father must respond to the parable of the prodigal son; wherever men are heroic, they will acknowledge the mastery of Homer; wherever a man thinks on the strange phenomenon of evil in the world, he must find his own thoughts in the Book of Job; in whatever place men love their children, their hearts must be stirred by the tragic sorrow of Oedipus and King Lear. All these are but shining examples of the law that only as a book or a little song appeals to the universal interest does it become permanent." Lastly, real literature must have style. Necessarily, the author must project his own soul into the interpretation of human life, but he must do so in such a way as to make it a

medium in gaining admittance to the soul of every man. Then and then only has he conquered the onset of time.

Many works that are now considered our masterpieces lay for generations unheeded; and it was only with the reversal of time that the worthy came into their true place and the unworthy passed out of notice. Many a book has been worked into a reputation by unjust praise, the collusion of friends and corrupt criticism. All this is accepted by the multitude. The work lives, until with time, the false praise dies away; the collusion is ended; its reputation found untrue; and it vanishes in the greater contempt. On the other hand, a genuine work, which has in itself the source of its fame, can awaken admiration anew in every age. It is like a body of low specific gravity keeping itself up of its own accord and thus floating down the streams of time.

As we look over the immense field of English literature, over the fourteen hundred years which have passed since the ancestors of the English race first immigrated to the shores of Britain, we see clearly the gradual growth of our literature and the faultless judgment of time. In the literature of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors we find the basis and superstructure upon which our modern English has been built. In it we have the personification of the sublime and the terrible, songs of war and of conquest, a veritable language of poetry, metaphors and alliteration. We read the beautiful works of the Venerable Bede, "the father of our English learning," of Caedmon, the Anglo-Saxon Milton, in whose "Paraphrase" we find the same themes which are made familiar to us by Milton in "Paradise Lost," of Cynewulf, the greatest of the Anglo-Saxon poets, who laid the foundation for the later, more perfect efforts of Tennyson. As we read the other magnificent poems of unknown authorship, such as "Beowulf," the earliest and greatest epic in our literature, "Widsith," probably the oldest of our poetry, and the powerful ballads of "The Seafarer," "the Flight of Finnsburgh," and "Doer's Lament," we cannot but wonder how such sublime literature could have lain buried in the dust of neglect for almost a thousand years. It has been but recently that time has delved into its ancient archives and brought forth this treasure work. To-day it is read eagerly and appreciated by every student of literature,

and has been assigned to a high place in English literature

England had already produced her best, and her own literature and civilization had begun to decay, when in 1066 the Normans came. They brought with them and introduced the culture and practical ideals of Roman civilization. They nationalized England and forced upon her a strong centralized government. They brought a new language and literature which the English gradually absorbed at the cost of their own. The magnificent grandeur of the Anglo-Saxon gave way to the bright, varied, talkative poetry of romance. Whether the theme was of religion, love, chivalry, or history it must tell a romantic story and amuse the reader. The Anglo-Saxon literature was enormously superior to the Anglo-Norman, but the latter, even in its inferiority, replaced the former absolutely. To this literature we are indebted for our wonderful metrical romances of heroes like Arthur, Roland, Tristran and Bevis of Hampton. Among their authors we find Geoffrey of Monmouth, whose "Historia Regum Britanniae" formed the foundation of Shakespeare's "King Lear." Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," and Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." Just as the romances of "Chanson of Roland," the national epic of the Normans, "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight" and "The Pearl," supplanted the literature of the Anglo-Saxons, they too passed, to lie forgotten for centuries until time called them forth to become an essential part of our English literature.

Many are the excellencies which an author must possess in order to obtain immortality, and it will not be easy to find anyone who is able to understand them all. But there will be men in every age who are able to recognize and value some of them. In this way the worth of his book will be sustained through the long centuries regardless of the constant change of human interest. For concrete examples of this principle we need but turn to the lives of our great writers. Time has but recently placed the name of Edmund Spenser among the great in our literature. For almost three centuries the marvelous poetry of this allegorist was wholly neglected. With Spenser came the revival of a national poetry dead for two centuries; the first of our numerous English pastoral poems, and the forerunner of the great Elizabethan poets. His most noted

work, "The Faëry Queen," is written in a new verse form, later used by all the great poets, the Spenserian stanza. The original plan of this powerful allegory included twenty-four cantos. Each canto was to relate the struggle of one of the Virtues appearing as a knight fighting his opposing Vice. It is a gorgeous pageant of imagery, which, joined with a rare sense of beauty, perfect melody, a high moral purity and ecstatic idealism, gives us a work whose intrinsic merits make it a masterpiece. Unfortunately, Spenser finished only six cantos. The first three are by far the best, but the whole contains so much of beauty and splendor that within the last fifty years, time has designated it as one of the lasting poems in our language.

To Shakespeare, time has assigned the foremost place in our literature. He wrote for the great mass of humanity that lived in his time. Since humanity is moved by the same motives and the same impulses throughout all times and in all places, Shakespeare found the key to the tragedy and the comedy of the world in his own heart. We find nothing of Shakespeare himself in his plays, nor can we find a parallel to this mysterious and utter self-effacement in modern literature. Observing nature in its minutest particulars and gentlest gradations, with a keen knowledge of facts and a fine sensibility to charm, Shakespeare has produced the most excellent delineations the world has ever seen. He knew and understood human nature as but few men have, and he portrayed it as it really was, softening his shrewd sagacity and buoyant wisdom with a touch of sympathy. Shortly after his death his dramas had to give place to those of Ben Jonson, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, and for a hundred years Shakespeare was forgotten. But time, "winnowing with unerring taste," has assigned to Shakespeare his pre-eminent place in all literature.

Solitary and defamed, his great friends dead, Milton, blind and decrepit, sang his epic notes for ages to come. His greatness is the greatness of achievement. To this alone is time a friend and not a conquered enemy; time reveals its worth, separates it from the mass of perishable things and places it on high as deathless and priceless. After devoting the best part of his life to his country and after years of wrangling in polemic prose, Milton, at the age of fifty, retired within the

city of God in his own soul and wove the disappointments and sorrows of his life and of an afflicted nation into one of the grandest epics of all languages. As a master of style Milton stands second to none; not even Shakespeare, divine as are his gifts, has the mastery of Milton. In all his poetry, there is the reflection of Milton the man. His is a cold, vast survey of life, vitalized by an imagination unsurpassed for compass and originality. Lost amid the educated youth of his generation, unrecognized in his true character during life, despised and rejected into a man of sorrow during his closing years; contemptuously disregarded for a century after his death, time has come to the rescue, and John Milton stands to-day second to none in literature.

As we read the tragic life of Coleridge and his battle against his contemporary opponents, we cannot but realize how unerringly time judges. Whatever of fame or popularity he enjoyed during his life or for many years after his death was based upon his prose works. His "Biographia Literaria," "Lectures on Shakespeare," and "Aids to Reflection," were accepted as interesting and of high literary qualities by students of literature. But time has placed the name of Coleridge in the foremost ranks of our literary geniuses; and it has based its judgment not on his prose work but on a tiny volume of poetry. This volume is small, but filled to overflowing with beauty, hope and inspiration, for in it we find "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." Justly has time rescued from neglect and placed her imprimatur upon the works and name of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Ruskin's volumes have been a recent addition by time to the treasure lore of literature. During his life Ruskin's fame rested chiefly upon his works on art. He entirely revolutionized the world of taste with his theories. His entire work consists of some sixty volumes of enormous size, but time has chosen with a nice taste from this huge aggregation three books, "Crown of Wild Olives," "Sesame and Lilies," and "Ethics of the Dust," and because of their rare literary value and deep insight into human nature has preserved them to posterity.

Great men are roughly divisible into two classes—those who succeed at once, who win the praise of their contemporaries or gain such a measure of sympathy from the more enlightened as to enable them to overcome

opposition; and those of whom their time is unworthy, who produce their work under limitations and distress, who fight heroically to the end, and die in temporary defeat, but with faith in ultimate victory. To this latter class belong two immortal singers—Shelley and Keats. Their whole lives were a struggle against the opposition and indifference of their times. Granted but a short time of life in which to do their work the magnitude of their success is only the more increased. Their singing is but a prelude to soulful symphonies never played. Neglected and scorned by their contemporaries, time has caught and fostered the freshness of their verses; their soaring imaginations, the exquisite music of their rhythm, the power and depths of their sympathy, the charm of their personal loveliness and the pure ideality of their devotion to a noble art.

Not a quarter of a century ago the leading critics referred to the works of Poe as "very valueless verses" and to Poe himself as "the jingle man," "a conjurer in literature," and a "charlatan." Although he is a comparatively recent writer, time has weighed Poe in the balance, but has not found him wanting. His cosmopolitan fame has made him a greater poet than Longfellow and superior to Hawthorne as a teller of tales, regardless of the fact that American critics have been less cordial. Poe was a man of repellent personality and lived a friendless life. He is the poet of death and disease without a touch of humor or humanity. But his skill as an artist of invention, design and decoration can scarcely be duplicated in the language of any nation. With all his faults, America is indebted to Poe for the high standard of faithful workmanship and consummate craftsmanship that its literature enjoys. Time has recognized his genius regardless of his personal failings, and has assigned to him a lofty and secure position in our literature.

We have seen how time has brought the works and men who have been neglected into their proper place in literature. Now let us see but a few of the most striking examples of authors dethroned by time. For almost two centuries the name of Bunyan and his "Pilgrim's Progress" have existed free from literary censure. But recently the limelight of modern criticism has been turned upon "Pilgrim's Progress," revealing the most startling literary inconsistencies. Bunyan is not lacking in invention, but is wholly void of imagination. Whenever

a work is the product of the imagination it has a natural sequence and verisimilitude. "Pilgrim's Progress" is filled with transgressions against these essential qualities of imagination. Without explanation, Christian is introduced to the reader clad in rags and bearing a great burden on his back. The burden does not in the least prevent his being put to bed, nor is there any explanation why it is there, how it is fastened or why it cannot be removed. Christian is made to run away from his wife and children, which is immoral and unlawful. There is nothing of inspiration, imagination or even fancy to be found in the whole work. Christian passes through the Slough of Despondency, yet there is nothing of danger, excitement or interest in the portrayal of the incident. His description of the mouth of Hell could as well be applied to a blast furnace without the shiver that the blast furnace gives if viewed on a dark night. We find nothing of beauty or terror, character or description in the whole book, and time has in justice dethroned "Pilgrim's Progress" as unworthy of the high place it had enjoyed.

Few men of letters have enjoyed the favor and popularity during life that was showered upon Pope. He was courted, flattered, sought after and applauded as the greatest of poets and the consummate master of style. Time has analyzed his satire and found it to be nothing but snobbishness and vulgarity. His entire works are a compilation of gross and venomous invective. Pope's whole efforts were but the promptings of vanity to see his letters in print, and we find instead of letters a superincumbent mass of platitude. It is true that Pope has contributed a vast amount of aphorism and epigram, but all is merely the recasting of rusted thought. Those who wish to defend him urge that his is the mastery of satire. Satire, indeed, if cruel, coarse and extravagant malignity can be called such. As for his style, Cardinal Newman has well criticised it in a few lines: "Pope is said to have tuned our versification. Since his time, anyone who has an ear and turn for poetry, can with little pains throw off a copy of verses equal or superior to the poet's own, and with far less of study and patient correction than would have been demanded of the poet himself for their production." Time has withdrawn from its once high place this poetry of artificiality and imitation of harsh rhythm, of

forced antithesis, and is slowly purifying itself of its effects.

The most obvious case of the reversal of time is Byron. No writer was ever more unreservedly praised by his own generation. Byron's is the literature of revolt; revolt against society; revolt against those principles of morality upon which society is based; revolt against order; revolt against religion; and revolt against established opinions, institutions and governments. His work is superficial and wholly lacking in art. He strove always for effect even to the exclusion of sincerity. Byron's attitude toward woman is one of the things impossible to be forgiven. He was unable to comprehend the majesty and grandeur of womanhood, and the cowardice and cruelty of his shallow interpretation of her sex cannot be condoned. Another offence inexcusable in Byron, was the thrusting of his immoral and disgusting life into his work. His vulgarity and sensuousness is limitless. Yielding himself to the passion and debauchery of his generation, his poetry is but the reflection of his life, and since the world never needed and will not countenance the works of Byron, time has pitilessly expunged him from the roll of honor of literature.

Of the great literary men who have lived so near our time, who can say they have an established place in our literature? Who can say

what the judgment of time shall be upon the works of Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Patmore, and Francis Thompson? "No man can pretend to say that the work neglected to-day will not become a household word to-morrow; or that the pride and glory of our age will not be covered with cobwebs on the bookshelves of our children." There is no masterpiece in literature that has come down the purifying stream of time which has escaped bitter criticism, but the more severe the criticism the greater the popularity when time has decreed that they shall stand an everlasting tribute to literature.

It has been attempted to prove that time is the best critic. First, in order to be literature at all a work must possess three essentials—it must be artistic, it must be suggestive and it must be permanent. It must be able to stand two tests—universality and style. Secondly, from the lives of men who have produced the great works in our literature, the works on which their fame rested during their lives are not the works upon which it rests to-day; that some died before their works had gained recognition; and others who found recognition but again lost it, dying in poverty and misery little thinking the fame time was to allot them. Third, that many of the authors who have enjoyed the greatest popularity during their lives, are later dethroned by time.

Memories.

JOHN U. RILEY

At daybreak, I am lonely,
And when I think of thee,
Music and dreams come dancing,
Like the waves upon the sea.

At twilight, oh I want you,
When the sunbeams glint and flee,
For memories come dancing,
Like the leaves upon the tree.

At night-time, how I miss you,
When the moonbeams are set free,
Visions of you come dancing,
Like the wind upon the sea.

The Emblem.

Oh, what is the emblem of liberty now,
And tell me where have they enshrined it?
Since we honor the eagle of old no more,
Except for the silver behind it.

A. L. McD.

The Grafter's Son.

BY TIMOTHY P. GALVIN.

"Yes, Bob, I'll admit I'm a grafter; and so is every other member of the city council. You can't come home from college with any fine ideas of honor and induce me to give up a good safe money-making proposition. Resign from the council? No! not so long as the people are foolish enough to elect me."

"But, father, think of the disgrace to yourself and to your family if you should be caught."

"Don't worry about that, my boy, I'll never be caught. Anybody in New York will tell you that Henry Jenkins is the smoothest crook in the state. There isn't the least danger of anyone catching me."

"That's where you're wrong, Dad. Any grafter can be caught if someone really wants to catch him. Catching a New York council-man grafting would be the easiest job I can think of."

"It would, eh? Well, let me make you a proposition that will settle this matter once and for all. I have a deal on whereby the Union Subway Company is to pay me \$75,000 for my vote against an investigation of their methods. The money will be paid me within a week. If you can come to this office a week from to-day with any evidence of my guilt in this matter, I'll resign at once and quit grafting forever. You have a start on your case, and that is more than any other detective ever got on me. Are you willing to try to catch me?"

"I'll take your offer, Dad, and if I haven't the goods on you by this time next Saturday morning, I'll never again ask you to quit grafting. In the meantime we will not talk of this matter and you had better cover up your tracks well, for I'm going to get you." Thus Jenkins and his son parted, each wearing a confident smile.

As Bob Jenkins passed through his father's outer office, he stopped for a moment to speak to the head office-girl who smiled and nodded her head in answer to his statement. Bob and this office-girl, Margaret Houston, had long been more than friends, although their acquaintance was unknown to Bob's father. That night Bob called at Margaret's home, and at the first opportunity he told her of the strange bargain that he had made with his father.

"You haven't a chance," said Margaret, as soon as he had finished. "His political opponents have been trying to catch him for years without success."

"Perhaps," replied Bob, "I have inherited some of my father's shrewdness. At any rate, I'm going to try to get him and I want you to help me."

Margaret at first refused to tell what little she knew about Harry Jenkins' business secrets; but Bob finally convinced her that he was working for a good purpose. So before Bob left for home he knew that his father kept certain papers locked in a small iron box which was concealed behind a certain row of law books in his office. These were the only documents to which Margaret did not have access, and Bob at once conjectured that if he could get possession of this iron box he might find something that would aid his case.

Five days passed and Bob was able to make no progress in his detective work. He had only one clue, that of the iron box. He could not secure this box during the day, for his father was always in the office. At night the office was locked. On the Wednesday following the Saturday on which he had accepted his father's offer, Bob decided to try to force his way into the office. He secured several skeleton keys and that night he made an effort to unlock the office door. The effort proved futile, for not one of the keys would open the door.

Thursday came and Bob, knowing that he must act quickly, formulated a daring plan. He waited until he was sure that his father and the entire household were asleep. Then he went to his father's sleeping room, unlocked the door with one of his skeleton keys, and took a bunch of keys from his father's trousers' pocket. With these keys in his possession, he quickly and quietly left the house and hurried to the office. In a short time he found the right key, unlocked the door and went straight to the shelf where Margaret had told him he would find the iron box. It was there. He placed it on a table and after a long search found a key that unlocked it. When Bob lifted the lid, he found what he had expected—a number of letters and papers. With the aid of a pocket flashlight he began to search through these. It was tedious work and Bob was every moment growing more nervous. As he ran hastily over the papers he saw evidence of numerous grafts. He hurried through

the letters until he neared the bottom of the box. Suddenly he stopped. There before him lay an envelope with the stamp of the Union Subway Company upon it. Bob picked up the envelope. He hesitated for an instant, then jerked forth a letter. His hand shook so violently that he could not hold the letter. He laid it upon the table and turned the flashlight upon it. The letter read:

MR. HENRY JENKINS,
CITY.

All shall be as you have directed. A man will be at the corner of Walnut Street and Clinton Avenue on Friday night at ten forty-five. When a large black automobile with no occupant save the driver comes up Walnut and stops at the far side of the corner, the man, who is waiting, will give the driver of the machine a package containing 75 one thousand dollar bills. The driver will give the other man a receipt for this amount made to the Union Subway Company and signed by Henry Jenkins. The latter will then do his duty as he has promised.

The letter was not signed. Bob read it and re-read it. He stood for a long time looking at it. Suddenly he realized that it was almost morning. He made a copy of the letter, restored it to its place, hurried home, again stole into his father's room, replaced his keys and retired to his own room. He did not sleep. He was laying a plan for the following night and he had many things to consider. He could do nothing that would bring his father's crime before the public, yet he must secure positive proof of his guilt. Bob was busy all the next day. He searched through his trunk to find some "stage money" that he had had at college. It was a poor imitation, but it was the best counterfeit Bob possessed. Then Bob wrote a receipt for \$75,000 made to the Union Subway Company. To this he forged his father's name.

"I think I'll go down to the club, Dad," said Bob after dinner.

"All right, my boy," his father replied. "Do you want me to drive down and bring you home?" Bob's father frequently did this, so there was nothing unusual in the question.

"Why, yes," said Bob. "Come down about eleven. I'll be ready to come home then."

As soon as he left the house Bob went to

a garage where he rented a large black machine very much like that of his father. He drove three times from his home to the corner of Walnut and Clinton. He found that it required at least fourteen minutes to cover the distance. Bob reasoned that his father would leave his home shortly before ten-thirty. He must be delayed a few minutes.

Bob had his plans well formed. He wrote the following note to Margaret Houston:

Call up my father at his home to-night at twenty-five minutes past ten. Talk to him for ten minutes. Complain of the phone service. Talk business, talk anything you please; but if you love me keep him at the phone for ten minutes.

BOB.

He gave this note to a messenger boy, paying him five dollars so that he would be sure to deliver it. Then he wandered about the streets in a state of extreme nervousness.

At exactly ten forty-five that night a large black automobile with no occupant save the driver, drove up Walnut Street to the corner of Clinton Avenue. The machine stopped on the far side. A man stepped out of the darkness. He handed the driver a bundle. The driver handed him a receipt for \$75,000 made out to the Union Subway Company, and signed with *the name of* Henry Jenkins. The machine started swiftly up the street and the man disappeared into the night.

Five minutes later a large black automobile with no occupant save the driver, drove up Walnut Street to the corner of Clinton Avenue. The machine stopped on the far side. A man stepped out of the darkness. He handed the driver a bundle. The driver handed him a receipt for \$75,000 made out to the Union Subway Company and signed *by* Henry Jenkins. The machine started swiftly up the street and the man disappeared into the night.

Henry Jenkins was much surprised the next morning when his son came smiling into his office. The old grafter was seriously worried because he had discovered that the bundle handed to him on the previous night contained counterfeit money. However, that was a matter to be taken up with the Union Subway Company and his son could not possibly know anything about it. Hence his surprise at his son's appearance.

"Well, well," said the father in a jovial

tone," how is my young detective?"

"Fine," said Bob, as he carefully closed and locked the office door. "I am ready to present my case."

"What?" said the astonished father.

"I am ready to present my case," repeated Bob, seating himself opposite his father and drawing a bundle of papers from his pocket. "First," he continued, "we have Exhibit A—75 one thousand dollar bills, delivered last night at the corner of Walnut and Clinton by a representative of the Union Subway Company to a man supposed to be Henry Jenkins. Next, we have Exhibit B—a receipt for \$75,000 signed by Henry Jenkins and delivered by that gentleman last night at the corner of Walnut and Clinton to a man supposed to be a representative of the Union Subway Company. Here is Exhibit C—the resignation of Henry Jenkins as a member of the New York City Council. Please sign on this line." The helpless father signed his name as his son directed, looking at the young man in blank amazement.

"And what, pray," asked the father in a fearful tone of voice, "is that other document you have? Is it my death warrant?"

"Far from it," laughed the son. "This is the marriage license of Margaret Houston and Robert Jenkins. Margaret knows too much about this office to leave her outside the family, Dad."

The Prologue.

BY. B. M.

Tim Harrigan was one of those restless "globe-trotters" who give their undivided attention to humanity in general and to no one in particular. He had no attraction toward any one spot on earth, and this accounts for the fact that he had been in more places during his short career than any moving-picture man I know of. Jobs! He was connected with more jobs in a year than any professional jobber in any city of any state in the Union, but for work, just common, everyday work, as a physicist understands it, he has done less than the laziest man in the tropics.

You may size up the man, and say what you like about him, but my honest opinion is that he is fulfilling a mission. He is a good entertainer, but he is unconscious of it. That is what I mean when I say Harrigan never did

much for himself, but he has proved himself a source of consolation to many a man. I know that's how it was with me.

I have been a lifelong friend of Harrigan's, although he appears in Texas here at rare intervals. When he does come, I always try to make him feel at home, and he assures me my efforts are not in vain, and that for two reasons: first, Tim was very probably born in Texas, and second, he gets a lot of free drinks while he stays here. Of course, as I said before, he brings me a lot of consolation.

When he gets in the right mood—the smell of a cork will do it—he'll sit and recite autobiography for twenty-four hours—if he doesn't sleep—and tell of advents and adventures, and hasty departures and the like, until you cannot believe any more.

Many a time I wondered how he got the wandering mania, and many a time I intended to ask him how he commenced life, but last Sunday night he told me "one he put over on the Lone Star State," as he put it, and this gave me the key to all.

"Well," he said, "old pal, I was a young fellow of eighteen or so and never'd went to school, but I wanted to do something for—oh just because I was full of the devil. So I goes out to the school-board director in a county of West Texas to get a job teaching school. There was money in it for a while, and the director was a ranchman who couldn't write his own name. I got the job in a shack just big enough for me and twenty young Texans to stand in. Well, I became popular for a while, because I was a strong advocate of transportation of children, and in the class-room my Indian stories went fine; in fact business was rushing. But one fine day the state inspector informed me through a messenger, that his annual visit would come off next Monday. Monday came and the inspector too, and when he had put off his gloves and congratulated me on the good-looking bunch of scholars I had, I gets up in my full dignity as principal of Rolling Prairie School and said: "Scholars, this here is the state prospector, and since this is the day for the regular visit to Rolling Prairie School, you are sent away, all out for a big day!"

"What come of it, Tim?" I broke in.

"What come of it? Why the inspector just says to me 'you are sent away too.' And I was, with one hundred dollars collected.

Varsity Verse.

THE MESSENGER DEATH.

The king on his bended knee
 Humble and cringing
 Asketh a favor of me,
 I, the avenging.
 Mine is the horrid pall
 Waiting for mortals all,
 None will escape the call
 My right infringing.

I am the messenger Death,
 Grim, never dozing,
 Sweeping away in a breath
 All interposing.
 Mine is the right to say
 Who shall survive the day,
 Nor can he answer nay—
 Mine is the closing.

A. L. McD.

NUTTY IS RIGHT.

Oh why the commotion
 Across the blue ocean
 And why all this "bally excite"?
 Why doesn't the Kaiser
 Stick to his Budweiser
 And lay off this bloomin' old fight?
 Why doesn't Carneg
 Get his gang at the Hague
 To call the whole fracas a draw?
 For with the world's series,
 And Petrograd queries,
 We'll all be as nutty as Thaw,

Raw-raw.

J. P. F.

SKIING.

Of all the risks that students take
 In football, track or diving,
 The one of which I mention make
 Is that great risk of skiving.

A broken leg from a football game
 Will never bring grey hair,
 For students then will point at you
 And say "There goes a bear."

But if by chance a prefect sees
 You down around the town, son,
 Two thousand lines or shovel snow,
 Or else get off to Brownson.

M. M.

A REVELATION.

I did not know that eyes could be so blue,
 Nor dreamed that cheeks could blossom half so fair,
 I did not know a mortal could be crowned
 With such a diadem of golden hair.

I had not hoped that lily thoughts could live
 Where mortals strive and toil and are untrue,
 I did not feel earth held so much of God
 Until I saw His loveliness in you.

W. Coker.

IN THE WOODS.

Through all the lingering autumn days
 The treasured trees drip lucent gold
 And strew the woodland's winding ways
 With leafy burnishings untold.

Up o'er a rustic tracery
 Of naked boughs the wild birds press
 And a thrush in brown humility
 Sweeps trembling from the wood's recess.

S. S.

JUST A LITTLE HINT TO FATHER.

Dear Father, it seems that I always forget
 My duty of writing to you.
 I cannot but say I sincerely regret
 That this is so long overdue.

The duty is shirked, but be that as it may,—
 The point that I wish to make clear,
 Is,—How could I write on an earlier day
 With the cost of a stamp so dear?

A. L. McD.

OUR BOY.

He steals the jam and strews the floor
 With junk of every kind;
 He tracks the kitchen, slams the door,
 And can't be made to mind.

He teases Tabby, riles the cook,
 And throws around his toys;
 He mutilates each treasured book,
 And drives us mad with noise.

He wrecks the garden, runs away
 And fights for all he's worth;
 What would we take for him? well, say,
 Not anything on earth.

S. M. K.

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—The multitudes of halting speech and phlegmatic temper are ever ready to deplore with precipitate and transparent grief “the passing of the era of oratory.” Daily papers, cheap periodicals and ready means of communication have sounded the knell of the orator, they declared. Webster, instead of an inspiration for all ensuing ages, is merely the last outpost of a vanishing art. But with them, as with all others who mourn prematurely, the wish is parent to the thought. Both the achievement and appreciation of true forensic greatness is beyond them. True oratory will never die. Its appeal and effect is spontaneous. It does not reckon of cold calculation about the cheapness of magazines or the speed of the wireless. In senates and parliaments, in court rooms and lecture halls, great speeches are made and acclaimed year by year. The man who can “talk on his feet” is still the man of the hour and the epoch. His art needs no apology, nor does the world exact one. College is the last best place for the youth to learn the secrets of true oratory. The knowledge can never come sooner, and comes later only with constantly increasing difficulty. And whether you are lawyer, preacher or salesman, you can ill afford to neglect this golden avenue to success. Inherent talent is indubitably a requisite, but practice is even more so. Yours may be only latent, requiring but the effort for fruition. The Breen

Medal Contest affords an unparalleled opportunity for forensic endeavor. The winner receives a gold medal and represents the University at the State Oratorical Contest in May. Whether you win or lose, the experience derived from the competition is invaluable. The preparation of the manuscript, the coaching, the adapting of one's nerves to the concert pitch of public appearance, learning how to win modestly or lose gracefully, all these are factors in molding the true orator. Enter the Breen Medal Contest. What though you lose the first time? Other's have lost only to win again. Many who never grasped the coveted prize have profited by their experience, and have builded up reputations outside of school.

The preliminaries will be held at an early date. Select a subject; work it up, have the elocution professor assist you in mastering the intricacies of delivery. Then deliver it. Notre Dame has always stood high in the annals of college oratory. Many of her alumni are noted speakers. Nowhere could you acquire the great art to better advantage. Let there be a large number out for the Breen Medal.

Founder's Day.

On the thirteenth of October, the feast of St. Edward, King and Confessor, Notre Dame perennially commemorates her illustrious founder and model, Father Edward Sorin, C. S. C. In keeping with the religious and highly sacred character of this festival, a Solemn High Mass was sung in the University Chapel, followed by a congregational rendition of the Te Deum. Father E. Burns, C. S. C., officiated as celebrant, being assisted by Father William Lennartz as deacon, and Father T. Irving as subdeacon. The pulpit was occupied by the eloquent and inspiring Father Eugene Burke, C. S. C. He reiterated the service of Father Sorin, laying splendid stress on the idea of lay-apostleship, the religious work to be done among men by the example of graduates and teachers. This, he declared, is the real, the sublime, the imperishable achievement of Father Sorin.

The day was particularly important for the minors, St. Edward being their patron and protector. After the celebration of Solemn High Mass in the morning a series of field events adapted to the small and sturdy legs of our youngsters was arranged for the after-

noon. Running races, sack races, three-legged races, even horse races and consolation race, were eagerly enjoyed by the minims and those fortunate enough to be spectators. The climax of all was the apple races, in which rows of minims tried to vanquish each other in the speedy assimilation of apples. Though this was exceedingly difficult, Master W. Kalisch succeeded finally in strangling himself into victory. The day was indeed a pleasant one for all the minims, and there are many older and wiser men who vowed they hadn't had such a laugh for months.

Personals.

—Dr. John Talbot Smith called at the University last week and talked to the Journalists. His visit was all too short, but we expect to have him again in the spring.

—Mr. Charles T. Ryan (Student '91-'92), who is at present cashier of the Whitehouse State Savings Bank, at Whitehouse, Ohio, called at the University last week to visit his old friends.

—We have received the announcement of the marriage of Mr. Albert Hilkert and Miss Jeanette Botzum. The ceremony occurred in Akron, Ohio, October 7th. Congratulations and good wishes!

—The Coad boys, who attended the University in the eighties, are located in South Omaha, Nebraska. Frank Coad is president of the Packers' National Bank and Mark and Richard hold offices in the institution.

—Jimmie Cahill and Poynt Downing stopped at the University Thursday afternoon for a short visit with friends. Jimmie and Poynt have the old N. D. spirit, and they were on their way to New Haven to witness the football game.

—Joe Byrne, our one-time famous cheerleader, is arranging for a special car to take the New York-Notre Dame Club to the Yale game. If Joe is in his old form the audience will hear a few good U. N. D.'s before the game is over.

—Wedding bells are due to ring October 31 for one of the best Notre Dame men in America. On that day Dr. Franklin Bennett McCarty, formerly of Lynn, Massachusetts, but now of Chicago, and Miss Marie Evelyn Bryan will be united in matrimony.

Society Notes.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

"Was the United States right in repealing the Panama Canal Tolls Act which discriminated against ships of other nations?" This question was debated in the regular meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society Sunday evening.

On account of the absence of three members of the debating teams, arrangements were made so that the affirmative and the negative arguments were set forth respectively by Messrs. R. Byrnes and A. McDonough. After they had finished, the question was thrown open for a general discussion in which new members took a prominent part. The judges, Messrs. Curley, Byrne, and Dunden, awarded the debate to Mr. McDonough by a vote of two to one. After programs had been arranged for several future meetings the society adjourned.

HOLY CROSS LITERARY.

The Holy Cross Literary Society held their first regular meeting of the year on Monday evening, October 12th. Mr. William Zahm opened the program with a singularly well-chosen and finely rendered piano solo, and Mr. Kelley following with a carefully prepared essay on "Pius X., Our Pastor." Mr. Matthew Coyle then recited Father Ryan's "Song of the Mystic," and Mr. George Dwyer well merited the continued applause he received for his vocal solo, "The Lily and the Rose." "Pius X. the Saint" was the subject of an oration by Mr. Speer Strahan, after which Mr. Frank Brown completed the program by an exceedingly witty paper entitled, "An Irishman's view of the War."

HOLY CROSS TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

The Holy Cross Total Abstinence Society met last Saturday evening for the first time this scholastic year. The program of the evening was indeed a treat. After the address of welcome by Mr. Joseph Miner, the president, a musical number was given by Messrs. T. Remmes, H. Weidner and S. Strahan. Then followed an oration "Father Matthew, the Capuchin Reformer," by Mr. James McDonald, who clearly portrayed the missionary zeal of this great priest. "The Meaning of Our Pledge" formed the title of an essay read by Mr. Francis T. Butler. A recitation, "A Court Scene in the South" was given by Mr. C. Palmer.

A song, "A Perfect Day" with obligato, was sung by Mr. Edward Kelley. Nor was the muse absent, for verse of a humorous strain was read by Mr. Donald McGregor. Mr. Speer Strahan's oration, "The Total Abstinence Priest in the Class Room," was of exceptional merit, eliciting as it did much favorable comment. The "Orator of the Evening," as he had been designated, was there in the person of Rev. Father Hebert, C. S. C. He spoke of the pledge as a promise one ought to take, not merely for the sake of example, nor for an opportunity of displaying virtue, but as an act of atonement for sin. A short talk by the Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Irving, C. S. C., closed the program.

Local News.

—Frank Welsh has moved from Corby to Sorin Hall.

—Whad'ye mean, Von Kluck? Will Eich-enlaub's leg hold out?

—If we lose that game, Sorin Hall will declare a moratorium.

—What has become of the old-fashioned Sorinite who rocked the boat?

—Lost—A Moore fountain pen. Finder please return to Brother Alphonsus.

—Classes interfered entirely too much with the attendance at the World's Series games.

—*Nos morituri, te salutamus!* murmured the Rose Poly Captain, as he led his team out on Cartier Field.

—Some ardent devotee of rag-time persists in giving a public recital every afternoon during the third period.

—After those embryo Engineers have satisfactorily measured the quadrangle, what are they going to do with it?

—In Europe the Irish and Germans are holding each other for downs. On the Notre Dame team they're pulling together. Who can beat that combination?

—Bob Roach accompanied the football team on its trip to New Haven. His brother Ed Roach (Litt. B. '13) also witnessed the game to-day with Yale.

—It's awful to be a Journalist during these days of eastern invasion. "Here's another paper, 'Russ'." "Get a move on, Zilmer," "See Harper, 'Loeey.'" "Get busy, 'Mac'."

—Having been elected president of the

Junior Class and chosen for the Yale trip Hugh O'Donnell's visage resembled that of "Sunny Jim," last Thursday morning. Every Junior is justly proud of him.

—O'Donnell is the popular name at Notre Dame. At any rate, this year's elections have created an O'Donnell president of the Junior Class, an O'Donnell president of the Sophomore Class, and still another O'Donnell sergeant-at-arms of the Sophomores.

—The Sophomore Class held a meeting in Sorin Hall last Monday evening and chose the following officers to serve throughout the year: Leo O'Donnell, president; Jerome Miller, vice-president; Robert Burns, secretary; Daniel Hiltgartner, treasurer; Frank O'Donnell, sergeant-at-arms.

—A series of lectures on "Catholic Doctrine" have been given by Rev. Bertrand Conway, C. S. P., at the South Bend High School Auditorium each night this week. Great interest in the lectures has been manifested by the attending crowds. The question-box formed one of the methods of instruction.

—Cheer leaders in the various halls have been chosen and they will do their part in working up hall enthusiasm. The combination of noises from all the halls will make a genuine Varsity racket. The cheer-leaders chosen are "Goofie" Welsh of Sorin, George Waage of Corby, "Red" McDonough of Walsh, and "Tommy" Glynn of Brownson.

—The Selig weekly at the Auditorium theatre in South Bend of last Tuesday, showed the football squad of the West Point cadets at practice. Following this was shown a work-out of the Notre Dame squad, "The only team that defeated the Army last year." The pictures of Coach Harper and his men were very clear, and of special interest to the students.

—This is the song that sent away the team to battle with Yale. It is sung to the tune of "Good-bye, Boys."

Good-bye, boys, we'll see you again Monday morning.

Good-bye, boys, and put old New Haven in mourning.

Don't let 'em say that Notre Dame got beat, For we've forgotten how to spell defeat.

We're goin' to bet our coat

You'll get old Eli's goat,

So, good-bye, boys!

College Notes.

—South Dakota held the strong Nebraska team to a 0-0 tie last Saturday. To-day the Coyotes meet Minnesota, and local fans hope to see the conference team worsted. Notre Dame will have a chance to show her superiority over these western teams by gaining a decisive victory over South Dakota next Saturday.

—Captain Brickley of Harvard, all-American fullback and one of the greatest drop-kickers of all time, is out of the game for the season. He underwent an operation for appendicitis last Saturday, and there is little chance that he will be seen on the gridiron again this year. The sympathy of the whole football world goes out to Brickley and to Harvard, for both will lose much because of this misfortune. Notre Dame fans regret that it will be impossible to compare the ability of Harvard's captain with our own "Flying Dutchman," for we are confident that Eichenlaub would have demonstrated his superiority.

—All hail to W. and J. the little Pennsylvania school that met Harvard on her own gridiron last Saturday and held last year's champions to a 10-9 score. Harvard gained the victory in the last quarter after a desperate fight. A failure to kick a goal from touchdown prevented the game from being a tie.

—Pittsburgh continues to play wonderful football, defeating the Navy last Saturday. Pitt's men displayed their mettle by twice holding the Navy for downs on their one-yard line. Ed Hanley has started all the games for Pitt and is doing good work at fullback. The Pittsburgh-Carlisle game should be a thriller.

—Syracuse seems to be stronger this year than she has been for several years past. Law's wonderful punting enabled Princeton to defeat Syracuse last Saturday despite the fact that Syracuse outplayed the Tigers in other departments of the game. Syracuse promises to give Michigan a battle when Yost's men invade the East for the first time on October 24.

—Michigan and the Michigan Aggies meet to-day, and the Ann Arbor team will make a desperate effort to wipe out the defeat they received at the hands of the "Farmers" in 1913. Michigan will probably be without the services of Galt, her star open-field runner. He is out of the game on account of injuries.

Scholastic Philosophy.

You may get in unknown to the night watchman; you may find the rector's door closed, and sneak by the room of the prefect of your floor, but you have not pulled your skives successfully, for a week later the Delinquent List will get you.

It's a bad two bits that will take a student farther than the Orpheum.

And many a student who is doctoring for insomnia finds no difficulty whatever in going to sleep in class.

WE LOVE OUR TEACHER.

Love is poetry; but the English professor won't take it for duties.

There's many a fellow who complains about fatigue caused by military drill,—who will climb a rain pipe to the third floor hand over hand to avoid a prefect.

It sometimes happens that the path to Fame is smooth until students start to cover it with tanglefoot.

None but the Braves deserve the pennant.

And you'll usually notice that it's the fellow who is taking on about five pounds of flesh a week that complains of the food.

The book that interests most students just at present is their pocket-book.

The more waist the less form.

If you must throw at some one after breakfast, aim at the fellows who are making a path across the quadrangle—and please don't miss them.

Misery loves skivers.

If some fellows had as much brains as they have gab, they would be in the Senate to-day.

Many fellows who would be ashamed to appear in pajamas, have no embarrassment in appearing in tight-fitting suits.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 103; ROSE POLY, 0.

With all due care and despatch, the team from Terre Haute was laid away to rest last Saturday, in the closing ceremonies of the Gold and Blue practice season. The visitors played the best game they knew, and it would hardly be considerate to call the event a track meet, as the score would indicate. They were completely outclassed, however, from the time the whistle blew to the very last moment, and it was a mercy to send the subs against them in the second. This didn't make so much difference, after all, as the scores came just as regularly, though not quite so fast. Nevertheless, the contest was very interesting to the local rooters, as it showed what a week of practice had done to weld the Notre Dame eleven into a composite, aggressive fighting machine.

When the bleacherites saw Eichenlaub and Capt. Jones warming up, they sat back, prepared for the coming "slaughter of the innocents." They weren't disappointed. As soon as the ball was kicked off, the Notre Dame backs cut loose with a series of line smashes and dazzling open field runs, that scored the first touchdown in two minutes of play and then piled up the others so fast that the spectators lost all track of the scores. Using nothing but straight football, and keeping all the tricks under their headgears, lest our New Haven admirers should chance to be on hand again, the N. D. team displayed a brand of teamwork that sent up their stock for to-day's game fifty per cent.

On the offensive, the linemen opened up holes big enough for a wagon, and rarely was a man even touched, until he was well past the line of scrimmage. The most marvelous feature of the tilt, however, was the interference given the man with the ball. Surely nothing like it was ever before seen on Cartier Field, and even the men who have been at the school for years, opened their eyes in amazement. The instant a back took the ball, he was surrounded by a wall of blue-jersied giants that swept like the wind through the down-state aggregation, and made gains of 40, 50 and 60 yards look like the veriest child's play. No sooner would tacklers get near the runner than a quick accurate dive would send them

sprawling far away from the play. Fitzgerald especially played a wonderful offensive game, often nailing two or three men in one play.

To narrate each play and the journey of the ball for each of the fifteen touchdowns would be tiresome. They were all fashioned in the same general pattern. Notre Dame would receive the ball on the kick-off, and rush it back about half the field before the runner was downed. Then one or two hard drives at the centre of the line, a dash around tackle, and an end run would put the ball over. Although the Gray played a plucky game, they were unable to withstand the terrific drive of the attack, and before the third quarter was over the whole squad was thoroughly exhausted, the visitors also suffered several minor injuries.

The field was heavy and this doubtless kept the score from mounting to uncountable heights, but it afforded the locals a chance of showing that their speed was not wasted on a muddy day.

Coach Harper sent three whole teams against the invaders. With the exception of Jones and Cofall, the first eleven was in only long enough to get wet, and trotted off to the gym. The second string—rather difficult to distinguish from the first in these days of shifts and changes—then proceeded to roll up the score to a grand total of 75 at the end of the half. With the beginning of the third quarter, the second string, reinforced by Keefe, went back again, and the third squad finished the game.

To pick out the stars of the game would be a hopeless task—every man was a star. In the backfield, Cofall, Pliska, Finegan, Berger, and Kelleher treated the crowd to some splendid examples of open field work, while Dutch Bergman, substitute for Cofall, showed himself to be the fastest man on the squad. On one occasion, Dutch shot the Rose Poly secondary defense before they had even started toward him. Eichenlaub and Duggan seemed to drive like battering rams, "Eddie" especially, going yards after being tackled, and shaking off one man after another.

In the line, Fitzgerald, Jones and Keefe stood out like giants. Fitz is playing the game of his life this year and is proving the best centre Notre Dame ever had. Jones, in his first appearance of the season, played a great game, as did his running mate, Keefe.

Deak stayed in as long as the coach would allow, and seemed to enjoy the fray immensely. At the beginning of the third period, he made five successive tackles behind the line, and the last time, this charge was so hard that the man dropped the ball, Deak recovering.

Though Lathrop was in but a few moments, he showed he had lost none of his skill, bucking the interference and getting his man on several occasions. Mal Elward at end proved a wizard at taking off interference and nailing the runner, and on the offensive never failed to drop his man. Mills and King also played a good game, Rupe doing some nice offensive playing. Ward, Sharp, Steffan, and the O'Donnells, all played a fine game, and will prove capable substitutes for the first string. Bachman was out of the game with an injured back, and it is doubtful if he will be able to play to-day.

NOTRE DAME, 103		ROSE POLY, O
Mills, Baujan		Woodling
	Right End	
Sharp, Beh		Davis
	Right Tackle	
Ward, Voelkers		Piertle, Smock
	Right Guard	
Fitzgerald, O'Donnell		Cotton
	Centre	
Stephan, Keefe		Carter
	Left Guard	
Rausch, Jones		Woodward, Sommers
	Left Tackle	
Cofall, Bergman, Bush		Bush, Baxter
	Quarterback	
Pliska, Kelleher, Larkin		Goldsmith
	Right Halfback	
Kowalski, Finegan		Trimble
Matthews, Berger	Left Half back	
Eichenlaub, Duggan		J. Carter, Goldsmith
Miller.		Grope
	Full Back	

Touchdowns—Cofall, 4; Kelleher, 3; Finegan, 2; Duggan, 2; Miller, 2; Bergman, 2; Referee—Messick, Indiana; Umpire—Dunbar, Yale; Head line-man—Edwards, Notre Dame. Time of periods—15 minutes.

THE YALE GAME.

Thursday morning, the squad, twenty-three strong, in charge of Coaches Harper and Rockne, left for New Haven. Since last Saturday, the men have practised incessantly, putting in no less than six hours on Tuesday, Founder's Day. All the rough spots made evident in the practice games have been ironed out, and in the last work-out, Wednesday night, the men moved like a well-oiled machine. The certainty that Eichenlaub will start

the game, takes a big weight off the mind of the student body. This good news is counter-balanced somewhat by the possibility of Lathrop and Bachman being out of the fracas. If this occurs, the right side of the line will be seriously weakened. However, on the whole, the team is in no worse shape than the Elis, who have several regulars out, through injuries.

Accompanying the squad were a number of South Bend supporters of the Gold and Blue, members of the student body, and alumni. The team arrived at New Haven yesterday and practised on the Yale field in the afternoon.

It is confidently predicted that the largest crowd of the season, outside of the annual Yale-Harvard game, will witness to-day's contest. A special train of Notre Dame Alumni will leave New York this morning, while from all points in the Middle and New England States, men who claim Notre Dame as their Alma Mater, are making their way to New Haven. It is certain that when the team takes the field this afternoon, hundreds of loyal supporters of the Gold and Blue will be in the stand to cheer them on.

The men who bear with them the fondest hopes and wishes of every Notre Dame student and Alumni are as follows: Jones, Keefe, Lathrop, Fitzgerald, Bachman, Ward, Sharp, Holmes, Voelkers, H. O'Donnell, Bergman, Cofall, Eichenlaub, Kelleher, Pliska, Duggan, Larkin, Berger, Finegan, Mills, King, Baujan, and Elward.

The College Spokesman of Dubuque College contains the following among other announcements:

Of special interest is the announcement that Charles Dorais, All-American quarterback of the invincible Notre Dame football eleven, has signed a contract to act as head coach at Dubuque. He will also be on the faculty of the College, occupying the chair of commercial law. Dorais received his bachelor of law degree at Notre Dame last June.

Famed throughout the country as the best quarterback on the gridiron, Dorais established a wonderful reputation and was placed on the All-Western team three times. It was his tactful handling of the Notre Dame team in the victory over the Army that won him All-American honors in 1913. His coming to Dubuque College will mean much in all departments of athletics.

And Herbert Reed in *Harper's Weekly* for October tenth had the following:

Last year there was a man named Dorais playing on the Notre Dame team. He did some of the finest handling of the ball that ever has been seen anywhere. As in Boland's case, he had a certain natural equip-

ment, but again as in Boland's case, he liked what he was doing. With men of that type in the game is it any wonder that coaches who have to prepare teams to face them say: "What can I do against a man who is doing what he has to do perfectly and is also enthusiastic about it?" It is just a downright unbeatable quality.

INTERHALL FOOTBALL.

The interhall football season will open to-morrow with a clash between Sorin and St. Joseph. Both teams report good prospects, and the game should prove fast and interesting. Phelan, Bartholomew, Deener, and Tobin, will be in the St. Joseph backfield. Bartel, Frank O'Donnell and Cook are expected to be the strong men in the line. Captain Hynes has had a large squad of men working out for the Sorin team, and he has so many good men that he has not as yet been able to select a lineup. However, Sorin expects to be in the running at every stage of the game.

BROWNSON, 7; CULVER 7.

Brownson met Culver on the latter's field last Saturday and held the strong Military Academy eleven to a tie. The cadets presented practically the same line-up as last year, when they held our Freshman team to a 6 to 0 score. Hence the Brownsonites feel much elated over their showing on Saturday and regard the tie as a moral victory.

The game was played on a muddy gridiron which rendered fast work impossible. The ball was in the middle of the field almost all the time and both sides resorted to punting. Murphy did excellent work for Brownson in this department of the game. Culver scored first in the second quarter and Brownson came back with a touchdown in the next quarter. Both touchdowns were made on forward passes.

The Brownson line held like a stone wall throughout the game. Whipple and Kline did excellent work on the ends, each having several smashing tackles to his credit. Fritch and Glynn played the quarterback position and each did excellent work. Wolf was the most consistent ground-gainer; LaJoie made the most spectacular run of the game, and Rdyzweski starred on the defensive. Brownson lined up as follows: L. E., Kline; L. T., Murphy; L. G., Franz and Hoffman; Centre, McGrath (Capt.); R. G., Jones; R. T., Rausch; R. E., Whipple; Q., Fritch and Glynn; L. H., Wolf; R. G., LaJoie; F. Rdyzweski. Touchdown, Wolf. Goal from touchdown, Glynn.

Safety Valve.

"Yes, indeed, we think St. Joseph Hall is just grand, it's such a *holy* place.

And every professor knows at least one student in his class whom he would like to send to bone-setter Reese.

The following poem was handed in to one of the professors as a duty. He offers a prize to any one who can prove conclusively that the couplets do not rhyme.

ACCENTS WILD

'Tis easy to pronounce "Prezemysal"
As for the sleek blackbird to whistle.
But how the name of Ubgkgj
Can I pronounce Szouozyw.
When I try using accents nasal
Sometimes I can say Vajineasal
Mikolojoff or Brodgyski;
But oh, Szauozyw gets my goatski.

Now that the world series is over, let the Peace Orations come—we can stand anything.

Johnnie Welsh and Henry Susen, two ex-Carrollites, are going to live to-gether in a suite in Walsh.

Or as Jimmie Cahill used to say to Dummy Smith, "Speak to me only with thine eyes."

And you can bet that "Tony" won't be doing the hot-dog business he was, if Yale wins to-day.

We're looking for that fellow who knew all the time that the Athletics would run away with the series.

The other day a student came into the library and asked for a book entitled "Fair o' Dice Lost," he said his teacher recommended it and the name appealed to him.

Minim:—"I bet you the Braves could beat Yale."

POETRY.

There is no doubt the man was stupid
Who named Tom Glynn of Brownson "Cupid."

1st. Student:—"If you were to be granted any favor you wanted to-day, what would you choose?"

2nd. Student:—"I'd like to take the whole Yale team into Brother Leopold's and set them up to lemonade and sixes."

1st Student:—"You've got some bean, believe me!"

N. D. Student:—"Did you take your girl to the N. D.-Yale game?"

Yale Student:—"Yes, I did."

N. D. Student:—"Did she enjoy it?"

Yale Student:—"Well, I don't think she saw much of it. After the first shift play she spent her time discussing whether or not "hike" was good English.